THE BANNER-ENTERPRISE.

Q. A. MEBANE, "GOD WILL HELP THOSE WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES." Editor and Proprietor.

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MINE!

In that tranced hush when sound sank awed to rest,
Ere from her spirit's rose-red, rose-sweet gate
Came forth to me her royal word of fate,
Did she sigh "Yes," and droop upon my breast,
While round our rapture, dumb, fixed, unexpressed
By the seized senses, there did fluctuate
The plaintive surges of our mortal state,
Tempering the poignant ecstacy too blest.

Do I wake into a dream, or have we twain,
Lured by soft wiles to some unconscious crime,
Dared joys forbid to man? Oh, Light supreme,
Upon our brows transfiguring glory, rain,
Nor let the sword of Thy just angel gleam
On two who entered heaven before their time!

THE WHEELWRIGHT OF SENNEVILLE.

A TALE OF NORMANDY.

It was not congenial weather for a walk when I started from Fecamp to the village of Senneville upon a certain autumn afternoon. The sky was cloudy, the wind cold, and a drizzling rain beat in my face. The road to Senneville, ascending almost imperceptibly all the way, takes a zigzag direction among the hills, varying the scenery at every step. At one moment you are looking at a steep wooded slope, which you imagine will have to be climbed, but around which you gradually pass; at another moment a deep valley meets the eye, with many valleys and hills beyond. Then suddenly, without turning the head, you find yourself staring at the distant port of Fecamp far below; and then away out among the hills and the valleys once more.

The hills on this autumn afternoon were thinly veiled with a white mist, drifting inland before a strong sea breeze. It was a mysterious sort of mist, which moved at a fixed level, never descending into the valleys, but sweeping always over them, and touching only the higher points of the land like a passing shroud. The reddening leaves upon the trees shivered and dripped and shivered again with a sound which seemed to melancholy that I was fain to quicken my step and look about for a house or some human being along the road, in order to remove the feeling of sadness which crept over me. But there are no houses to be seen along this route, only a chalet here and there half hidden in a grove of fir trees; and not a single person did I meet coming or going.

It was therefore with a sense of considerable relief that I presently came upon the broad highway, stretching straight as a dart across a flat extent of country, where isolated farms, surrounded snugly with trees, were to be seen looking like groves planted in well-defined squares. Some paces back from the road close at hand, was the old village inn for which I was bound. Beside this auberge at Senneville there are two or three cottages, and there is, between them and the inn, a wheelwright's house and shed. This group of buildings stand alone on the main road. The village, which is composed of scattered dwellings opposite to the inn across the fields, extends in the direction of the sea, but is partly concealed behind trees, where the church steeple rises up, the only prominent object on this misty afternoon.

As I approached the inn and was passing the wheelwright's I heard angry voices, as though in dispute, and as I came nearer I saw two figures standing within the shed—a young man whom I recognized as the wheelwright and a girl, the daughter of the aubergiste next door. The man had a forbidding face, and at this moment, when his small black eyes were flashing with anger and his thick jaw firmly set, it was the face of an imp of darkness. He was short, almost dwarfish, and in his hand, with his powerful arm uplifted, he held a large hammer. "Jealous," said he, striking a heavy blow on the iron hoop at which he was working, "Have I not good reason to be jealous? He is always coming here."

"That is not true, Faubert," said the girl, quickly; "he seldom comes near Senneville." She cast at the man an indignant glance, and her large eyes filled with tears.

"Ah," said Faubert, with another heavy blow, "I don't know that. You meet him—that's evident. I saw you at Fecamp, in the market place together last Saturday. Is not that true, Marie?"

Marie folded her arms, and, raising her handsome face, replied: "What then? There is no harm in that."

The wheelwright answered in a passionate tone, though too low for the words to reach me. At the same time he struck heavy blows upon the iron hoop one after another, in a manner which bore significance in every stroke. Then, looking up, he caught sight of me, and his angry expression softened as he slightly raised his cap.

The girl turned and welcomed me with a smile struggling through her tears. "Good evening, Monsiur Parker," said she. She led the way as she spoke towards the auberge. I followed, the sound of the wheelwright's hammer still ringing in my ears as I stepped into the inn.

On the left hand side of the entrance there was a cafe, with wooden tables and chairs ranged round the walls, where I saw through the glass door some workmen, talking loudly, drinking, and playing dominos. The room on the opposite side, which I now entered, was half cafe, half kitchen. A long table stood under the windows; and at the end of this table, nearest to the fire, was seated, with a cup of coffee and a glass of cognac at his elbow, a youth in a fur overcoat, with his legs stretched out towards the fire smoking a cigar.

"Still raining, Marie?" said he, touching his small pointed moustache.

"Yes, M. Leonard," said Marie, "still raining."

He blew a cloud of smoke gracefully from his lips. "Abominable!" said he, with a gesture of impatience. "Is it not, Monsiur?"

I seated myself near him at the table. "Do you return to Fecamp to-night?" I inquired.

Marie, who was stooping over the fire to serve me with coffee from an earthen pot upon the hearth, looked up into his face anxiously for the reply.

"Yes," said he. "The fact is, I must be back in Fecamp before 7 o'clock. We have some old friends coming to dine with us; and," he added, "The worst of it is, I must walk."

"Not pleasant," said I. "The night will be dark. The road is dangerous."

"Dangerous?" said he with surprise.

"Yes," M. Leonard, said the girl, pouring out my coffee, "it is dangerous."

"In what manner?" said he. "I never heard of highway robbers in these parts."

He cast as he spoke an involuntary glance at a diamond ring which flashed on his little finger against the bright fire.

"I mean," said I, concealing my thought, though half tempted to express it, "I mean that the road is not safe at night, because—"

"Because?" he repeated, inquiringly.

I refrained, I know not why, from mentioning what I actually feared, though I seemed to see the wheelwright's angry face and to hear his passionate voice.

"Because," I continued, "the road winds about distractingly among the hills. One might easily step over the sides, which are steep, and so come to harm."

He burst into a pleasant laugh at this answer.

It was a somewhat weak one, I confess. But if I told him my true reason for dissuading him from leaving the inn that night he would, I thought, have laughed perhaps still louder; so I made no reply, though I followed Marie's uneasy glance toward the windows.

Without it had grown almost dark, but the room, which was warmly lighted by the log fire, was only in shadow near the walls. We sat smoking and sipping our coffee in silence.

Suddenly, Marie, turning her head towards a corner near the door, uttered a low cry.

"Faubert!" she exclaimed "is that you?"

The wheelwright was seated at a table near the entrance. We had not heard him come in. The light from the fire flashed across his dark face as he looked up quickly at Marie and said:

"Cafe noir."

Marie hastened to supply the order. As she filled the little glass with brandy for his coffee I thought his hand seemed to be trembling; certainly her face had a troubled look. As I was seated in a shadowy corner I could regard the wheelwright without attracting his attention. I was tempted to observe him closely; for there was a cruel expression on his face. He did not once glance towards me. His dark, angry eyes were fixed constantly on the face of M. Leonard, who sat with his back half turned towards him, looking thoughtfully into the fire. The wheelwright remained, however, only a few minutes. Finishing his coffee quickly he went out of the house as quietly as he had entered it.

Meanwhile Marie had lit the candles, and was moving about the kitchen, occupying herself in various ways, though with a remarkably serious face.

Presently M. Leonard rose from his seat and stood before the fire, buttoning his coat tightly round him. "A light, if you please, Marie," said he, selecting a cigar from his case.

Marie brought him one, her hand trembling very visibly now. "What is the matter, Marie?" said M. Leonard, gently placing his fingers round her wrist and looking earnestly into her face.

"Nothing," said she, turning away—"nothing."

He held out his hand to her and said in a soft tone: "Good night, Marie."

She went with him to the entrance of the auberge, and I thought that I saw him bend down and kiss her; but it was dark out there, and I may have been mistaken. They spoke a few words together in a whispered tone; then Marie called her father, who was playing dominoes in the other cafe with his customers, and the aubergiste came and shook hands warmly with the young man, and stepped out into the road with him, after disappeared in the gloom; for it was night now, black night.

Taking a Fecamp newspaper from my pocket I settled down to read, while Marie made preparation for the evening meal. The cheerful fire in this Normandy Inn, blazing away in the centre of a large open chimney, was a picture which should have raised my spirits after the damp, chilly walk which I had just had. But I could not regain my usual easy and contented state of mind. The forbidding and cruel countenance of the wheelwright troubled me more and more; the fierce blows of his hammer, the angry tone of his voice, as he stood in the shed with the daughter of the aubergiste beside him, had aroused my worst suspicions. I had no confidence in the man; he appeared to me capable of committing crime.

At the back of the wide hearth, behind the blazing fire, was an iron tablet with two blackened figures in bas-relief, struggling in a desperate encounter for their very lives. The flames threw a constant change of light and shadow on their faces, seeming to increase at moments the expression of enmity depicted there.

The voice of the aubergiste roused me from meditations which these figures had called up. "Voyons, monsieur!" said he, from the opposite side of the table—"souper." The aubergiste, who was a chubby-faced little man, with grey whiskers and watery eyes, politely held out his snuff box as he spoke, as though it were part of the repast. He offered, as far as I could judge, a pinch to every one who patronized his inn. He was dressed in a blouze over his coat. He kept on his cap as he sat at the table, for he wore that, I observed, at all hours and at all seasons, indoors and out.

If the supper was not sumptuous, it had the merit of being, as far as it went, equal in quality to any that could have been provided. The soup was excellent; the cider was the best to be had in Normany, the land of cider; and my landlord gave me a glass of Burgundy, and some wall fruit, fresh from the gardens, which an epicure would have praised.

When I had smoked a pipe with the aubergiste, and had chatted a while with his pretty daughter. I bade them both good night and went to my room, above stairs, in a more genial state of mind.

Some hours after I had retired to bed I was awakened by a knocking at the front door, and then I heard voices in the road, talking loudly. At first I took no heed of these sounds, but as the noise prevented me from sleeping I gradually began to grow curious to ascertain the cause of such a disturbance at this late hour; for, on striking a light and referring to my watch, I found that it was past 1 o'clock. By this time the visitors had gained admission, and I now recognized the voice of the aubergiste speaking in his loud tone with some men at the entrance to the inn. My curiosity was aroused. The incident of the afternoon again occurred to me; again I was haunted by that repulsive face of the wheelwright. Could this visit have anything to do with him, or with M. Leonard? I dressed hastily and descended. As I reached the bottom of the staircase I encountered Marie, looking frightened and as pale as death. Without uttering a word she beckoned to me to enter the kitchen. I followed her.

The fire in the hearth had burned out. A small heap of white ashes lay there, and behind them the blackened stone tablet with the wrestlers struggling with each other in their desperate embrace. Those were the objects upon which my eyes fell as Marie placed a candle upon the table, and clasping her hands exclaimed: "M. Leonard!"

I demanded anxiously: "What of him?"

"He is lost," cried the girl

I looked into her face for a clearer meaning to her words. "Who says this?"

She pointed towards the door. "The two who have just arrived."

"How do they know he is lost?"

"They have been dining," said she, "at his father's house. He had not returned home when they left Fecamp, an hour ago."

I tried to reassure the girl. "But," said I, "that does not prove that he is lost. There may be many ways of explaining his delay in reaching home."

The girl burst into tears. "No," said she—"no. There is only one." Her desire to overcome the grief and terror which had evidently taken hold of her was painful to witness.

"Tell me," said I, as soon as she became calmer—"tell me what it is you fear. Perhaps I may be able to render you some assistance."

"Indeed you can," said she, looking up gratefully into my face. "The two gentlemen who are now in the cafe with my father, who are resting here on their way home, have evidently been drinking; they cannot take a serious view of the affair. But I, who know the truth, am confident that Faubert is the cause of this trouble. He swore to me this afternoon that he would take the life of M. Leonard to-night."

I uttered an exclamation of horror. "Why," said I, "why did you not mention this before?"

"I did not believe it," said she. "But I do not doubt it now."

"Why not?"

"I have been to his house," said she. "He is not there."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

I moved quickly towards the door. "The matter is serious," said I; "not a moment must be lost." As I spoke, a loud burst of laughter came from the cafe opposite. I glanced through the glass door, and perceived two men drinking at a table with the aubergiste, as though they had forgotten the existence of their missing friend.

Marie looked at me in despair. "They do not know," said she.

"I will enlighten them at once. "I replied, placing my fingers on the latch.

I felt her hand upon my arm. "No," said she; "I implore you."

"But,"

"My father," said she, "I am afraid of him. If he knew of this he would blame me. I am engaged to be married to Faubert."

"To that demon?" I exclaimed with surprise.

"It is my father's wish," she explained. "Oh, how I hate the man!"

Another burst of laughter reached us.

"Quick," said I, "some lanterns. Leave all to me."

Assuming as calm and polite a manner as I could under the circumstances, I entered the cafe and addressed the two.

"I understand, gentlemen," said I, "that your friend M. Leonard has not returned this evening to his father's house at Fecamp. This fact is not, perhaps, in itself very alarming. But I have reason to believe he has met with foul play. If you will accompany me along the road which M. Leonard told me he should take to night on his return to Fecamp, we can talk as we go along; for I think we ought to lose no time in starting on this search."

The men readily agreed to my proposal. My manner was earnest, and my words sobered them. They soon showed as much eagerness to depart on the errand as I could have expected.

At my suggestion we proceeded on foot, each with a lantern of his own. It had ceased to rain; but the night was intensely dark and misty. I selected one side of the road, while my companions searched along the centre and upon the other side. Halting constantly for consultation, we marched in a line, flashing our lanterns at every point and at every object in our course.

After I had briefly related to these two friends what I had seen and heard at the inn, we spoke no word except when we stopped to examine a spot in the valley or on the slope, when one of us never failed to shout out "Leonard!" in a loud tone. The echo of his name, which sometimes resounded in our ears, seemed to me like a voice from the dead, and made me shudder. It was altogether a ghostly errand. The two men, each in a circle of light from his lantern, resembled phantoms as they moved along with a cautious step; and, frequently, haunted as I was by the face of the wheelwright, I imagined I saw Faubert's dark eyes distinctly in the night beyond my lantern, and could only chase away tha vision for a moment by closing my eyes.

We had gone a mile or more along the road in the manner described, when suddenly some object, scarcely larger than a glow-worm, flashed distinctly against the light of my lantern. "What's that?" said I to my companions, pointing toward the spot. But without waiting for a reply, I cautiously descended the hill. "A hand!" I cried, "and upon it a diamond ring." The light of my lantern at the same moment fell upon a ghastly face. It was M. Leonard! At first I believed him to be dead, but placing my hand upon his heart I found that it was still beating. A wound above his forehead from some blunt instrument told a dreadful tale. We carried him back to the auberge without uttering a word. He lingered between life and death for days. Marie nursed him with a care which proved how deep a love she bore him. She saved his life.

About a year after this event M. Leonard was married to the daughter of the aubergiste. The wheelwright has never been seen at Senneville since. M. Leonard declared that he saw nothing and heard nothing before he was struck down. The house and shed where Faubert lived and worked are still to be let, but no one seems anxious to succeed him as the wheelwright of Senneville.

DO NOT WASTE BONES.

Western Farmer.

The bones of fish, the bones of fowls, the large and small pieces of bones which are purchased with beefsteak and mutton, constitute the very best food for fruit trees and grape vines, if the fragments are only placed where the roots can lay hold of them. Instead of allowing pieces of bones to be cast into the back yard as food for stray dogs and strange cats, the domestics should be directed to deposit everything of the sort in a small tub provided with a lid. As soon as only a few pounds have accumulated we take the tub to some grape vine or fruit tree, dig a hole three or four feet long, a foot or two wide, and not less than a foot deep into which the bones are dumped spread over the bottom of the excavation, and covered with the soil. The more the fragments can be spread around the better. But they should be buried so deep that a plow or spade will not reach them. The roots of growing vines or fruit trees will soon find the valuable mine of rich fertility, and will feed on the elements that will greatly promote the growth of healthy wood, and the development of rare and luscious fruit. Many horticulturists and farmers purchase bone dust costing not less than two cents a pound, simply to enrich the soil around and beneath their trees and vines. Fragments of bones are just as valuable as ground bone, although their elements of fertility will not be found available in so short a time as if the large pieces were reduced to small atoms. Nevertheless, if large bones be buried three or four feet from a grape vine the countless numbers of mouths at the ends of the roots will soon dissolve, take up and appropriate every particle. When cast out of the kitchen door, bones are like a nuisance, whereas, if properly buried, they become a source of valuable fertility. Let every person who owns a grape vine or fruit tree save all the bones that pass through the kitchen and bury them where such worthless material will be turned to some profit.

WHAT LANDS TO DRAIN.

All lands, in the opinion of the *Indiana Farmer*, that contain more water than is needed by the crops growing upon them. If you intend to raise corn or wheat, the land will need more draining than if intended for grass. Even grass lands need not be very wet, the growth of aquatic plants and grasses takes the place of cultivated grasses and ruins the hay and pastures.

Loose, porous soils, underlaid by sand or gravel, are drained by nature; but all land that is underlaid by clay, rock or other impervious material, needs draining.

What is to be gained by underdrainage? The surface of the water in the soil is lowered. The roots of the cereals and grasses may penetrate as far as to the surface of the water, but never into it. It is necessary to draw the water off to such a depth as will give the roots of growing crops plenty of room to reach downward for that nourishment that is necessary to their growth.

The lowering the water below the surface prevents a large amount of evaporation, and its effect is cooling the soil. The water being removed, air and warmth are admitted to the soil.

Drained lands are for this reasan ready for planting at least one week earlier in the spring. The growth of crops is quickened through the summer by the increased temperature of the soil, which amount to several degrees, and the injurious effects of early frosts are prevented in the same manner. Crops are therefore given an increased period in which to make their growth of at least two weeks. This certainly is a very important gain.

A bridge over the Mississippi at Orleans, where the river is 2,400 feet wide, is projected. An engineer proposes seven spans of 300 feet each, one to be a draw. The piers are to be creosoted piles driven in clusters, and heavily capped and cased with iron. The depth of water will be no obstacle, as the piles can be spliced. The estimated cost is $13,000,000.

THE HOLY WATER OF THE MOHAMMEDANS.

The London *Lancet* of August 11th contains a letter from Dr. E. Frandland, the well-known English expert in water analysis, giving an account of the results of his examination of the specimens from Hagar's well, in Mecca, the water of which is regarded as especially holy, large quantities being annually sent to all Mussulman countries. The following is an extract:

'The water is slightly turbid, and has a saline taste; 100,000 parts of it contain in solution the very large proportion of 828.24 parts of solid matter, of which a considerable amount is organic and of animal origin. The water also contains an enormous quantity of nitrate, the usual product of the decomposition of animal excreta. The previous animal contamination calculated from the proportion of nitrogen as mitrate, and nitrites shows that the liquid supplying this well contains in a given volume six times as much animal matter as is found in the same volume of strong London sewage. This conclusion is confirmed by the presence of a very large proportion of common salt, one of the chief constituents of urine. The suspended matter in the water consists chiefly of dead bacteria.'

'In answer to my inquiries as to the surroundings of the well, and the authenticity of of the sample, Mr. Sohrab writes me as follows: I reply to your note regarding the water from Hagar's well brought home by me. I beg to state that it is authentic It was brought to me last January from Mecca by a Mohammedan gentleman in whose good faith I have implicit confidence. I may also state that several Mussulmans at Jeddah, who had frequently tasted the water at the well itself, and to whom I showed what I had, assured me it was genuine. There is no difficulty whatever for a person at Jeddah to get any quantity of the water, as the well ot Mecca is free to all, and any one can carry away as much as he pleases. I am not at all surprised at the water being heavily charged with excrementitious matter, and the reason, as I will now show, is evident. The city of Mecca, lying in a basin, contains a permanent population of 40,000 souls, and annually during the Hadj (pilgrimage) from 100,000 to 150,000 pilgrims, who become residents for periods varying from one week to three months, crowd into it. This vast influx of strangers finds accommodation where it can; the well-to-do rent rooms, the poor live in the streets. The houses in Mecca are generally built in flats to accommodate pilgrims; each flat is provided with one or two badly constructed latrines, and there are from six to twelve of these in each house. The latrines empty themselves into pits dug outside the houses. When these get filled they are emptied into other pits, which are made in the streets or any other convenient spot and then covered over with earth. For the poor latrines on the same principle are made in and outside the town, and the same method of emptying them is employed. This system of burying foul matter in every direction has been pursued for centuries; it is not, therefore, surprising that the ground in and around Mecca is surcharged with excrementitious matter, which rains (these are frequent in Mecca) carry by filtration in the well. Hagar's well is not a spring, but its water is supplied by filtration—that is, by rain water passing down through an overlying mass of foul matter. But there is yet another cause for the polution of Hagar's well, this is the thousands of pilgrims, diseased or sound, who daily wash beside it, the water they use naturally finding its way back into the well.'

Such being the surroundings of this holy well, and the composition of its water, there can be no doubt that here is a most potent source of cholera poison; for the evidence is most conclusive that cholera is propagated by a specific poison contained in the alvine discharge of persons suffering from the disease. Hagar's well, therefore, must, according to Mr. Zohrab's description, constitute an efficient collector of the poison, and it would scarcely be possible to devise a more effective means for the diffusion of this poison throughout Mohammedan countries.

'I presume that it would be quite impossible to get this well closed; but in the interest of the health of Europe and Asia efforts ought to be made to guard the water from this abominable and dangerous pollution. In the whole course of my experience I have never met with a sample of drinking water making even a distant approach to the degree of pollution exhibited by the waters of Hagar's well.'

The trustees of the Garfield National Monument Association invite an international competition to all artists for a monument in honor of the late President Garfield. For the design possessing the highest merit $1,000 will be paid, for the second $750, and for the third $500. The monument is to be erected in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio. The monument is to afford a receptacle for the remains of the deceased president and a suitable vault for his family, and is not to exceed in cost $150,000.

Two thirds of the cattle raising in Wyoming and Montana is in English hands. It costs $3 to raise a three-year old, and the animal is then worth $40. The more cattle a man owns the smaller the cost of raising and caring for each animal. Most of the grazing is done on public lands.

Tuesday morning a special train passed through Pittsburg en route from Potland, Oregon, to New York, containing 200 Oregon Pioneers, not one of the party having settled in Oregon later than 1854. This is the first new train over the Northern Pacific road.

EARLY TRIALS OF A POPULAR NOVELIST.

London Dispatch to the New York World.

Since Carlysle's memoirs nothing more interesting has been given to the world than Anthony Trollope's autobiography, which will be published on Monday.

Trollope was even more unfortunate in a father than was Dickens. The elder Trollope was born to fail, and was cursed with an execrable temper. He was a chancery lawyer. His temper drove all the attorneys away. He had a little money and considerable ambition. Having abandoned his hopes of professional success, it occurred to him to try his fortune at farming, for which his chief qualification was absolute ignorance of country matters. A house which he occupied near Harrow has been painted by the son in 'Orley Farm.' Anthony was sent to Harrow school as a day scholar, then to Winchester, then to Harrow again. What he endured he tells with all the freshness of painful memories and the simple pathos of truth.

He had no pocket money. In his rags he always looked disreputably dirty. Once he was stopped in the street by Dr. Butler, head-master, who sternly asked him whether it was possible that Harrow school should be disgraced by so dirty a boy. At Winchester his bills were left unpaid and tradesmen told to stop his credits. He could not even provide the few shillings for college servants. When he went back to Harrow he had to walk 12 miles a day through muddy lanes to his daily tasks. His holidays were spent at his father's dismal chambers, Lincoln's Inn. The dirty, penniless and apparently dull boy, wherever he went, was treated by his class-fellows as a social pariah. Yet withal he had an intense craving to be loved by every one.

After leaving school he became a clerk in the general postoffice. Colonel Maberly, the secretary, disliked him. On one occasion a letter containing bank notes was missed from Maberly's table. Mr. Trollope writes: 'A letter has been taken,' said the Colonel, turning angrily, 'and, by God, there has been nobody in the room but you;' and as he spoke he thundered his fist down upon the table. 'Then,' said I, by God you have taken it,' and I also thundered my fist down, but accidentally, upon the table. My fist came on the table, and the ink flew up, covering the Colonel's face and shirt front. At that moment came in the Colonel's private secretary with the letter and the money, and I was desired to go back to my own room.'

There were other troubles. A young woman in the country had determined to marry Trollope, but he refused. At last the woman's mother appeared at the postoffice. My hair almost stands on my head now,' he says, 'as I remember the figure of the woman walking into the big room in which I sat, with six or seven other clerks having a large basket on her arm and an immense bonnet on her head. A messenger vainly endeavored to persuade her to remain in the anteroom, but she followed the man in, walking up the center of the room, and addressed me in a loud voice, 'Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?' We have all had our worst moments. That was my worst. I lived through it, however, and did not marry the young lady. Those little incidents were against me in the office.'

His mother, the author of 'American Notes,' introduced his first book, 'The Macdermots of Ballycloran,' to the publishers. It brought in nothing. For his third novel, 'La Vendee,' he got $100, but it was a failure. Then he wrote a play called 'The Noble Jilt;' but George Bartley, the actor, condemned it so strongly that it was not even offered to a manager. The plot afterward was use in 'Can You Forgive Her?' The Warden was begun, put down again and not published till 1855.

The profits were about $45 the first year and $50 the second. Trollope had been writing articles from time to time, but at the end of 1857 he had received only $275 for the hard work of ten years. The greater part of 'Barchester Towers' was written in a train, and subsequently Trollope got into the habit of writing in a railway carriage. 'I made for myself a little table, and found after a few years' exercise that I could write as quickly in a railway carriage as at my desk. I worked with a pencil, and what I wrote my wife copied afterward. The only objection to the practice came from the appearance of literary ostentation to which I felt myself subject when going to work before four or five fellow passengers.'

HIS LATER INCOME.

'Carchester Towers' was published on the half profit system, and the author received $500 in advance. From this his reputution was assured. The largest sum he ever received for a story was $15,676, which was realized by 'Orley Farm.' But he obtained a higher rate of pay for a shorter story: 'The Claverings' sold for $14,000.

HOW A PIG MADE A PRESIDENT.

Boston Globe.

About this time in knots about the sunny corners and around depots and hotels, when political stories are in order, you will occasionally hear some old stager remark that 'a pig once made Andrew Jackson President.' It was never my fortune to meet one who could remember how it came about, but in a copy of the *American Traveler* for December 10, 1828, being volume IV, No. 50, I find all the particulars, which I copy for the benefit of the Society for the Perpetuation of Old Stories.

It appears that away back in the early dawn of the nineteenth century, in the town of Cranston, R. I., Mr. Somebody's pig smelt a cabbage in a neighbor's garden—he rooted through the fence and demoralized said garden; the garden-owner sued the pig's proprietor; James Burrill was the prosecuting attorney: the prosecuting attorney was a candidate for the United States Senate; the Senator was chosen by the State Legislature; in that body there was a tie, occasioned by the absence of one of Burrill's poerty who stayed away on account of lawsuit aforesaid; the said tie was unravelled by the casting vote of the Speaker in favor of Burrill's opponent, Jeremiam B. Howell; Jeremiam voted for the war, which James would not have done; the war was made by a majority of one in the National Senate; that war made General Jackson popular; that popularity gave Jackson the presidency.